

Duncombe's Edition.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL,

A DRAMA,

3

IN

One Act.

BY EDWARD STIRLING, Esq.

Author of The Bould Soger Boy, Blue Jackets, Margaret Catchpole, The Hand of Cards, Captain Charlotte, Clarence Clevedon, Raby Rattler, Lilly Dawson, Kissing goes by Favour, Lost Diamonds, Norah Grena, Little Back Parlour, Idiot of the Mill, Rag Picker of Paris, &c. &c.

THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED, BY PERMISSION,
FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOOK.

To which is added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS,
SITUATIONS—ENTRANCES—EXITS—PROPERTIES, AND
DIRECTIONS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
London Theatres.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. Findlay, from a Drawing, taken expressly in the Theatre.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN DUNCOMBE,

17, HOLBORN HILL,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Downy Billy</i> (a Ragged Scholar, and disciple of the Sirees.....)	Mr. J. Rogers.
<i>Little Paul</i> , a wandering Savoyard) ..	Miss C. Saunders.
<i>Mr. Brown</i> (the Master of the School) ..	Mr. Hudspeth.
<i>Sully Sammy</i> (No. 1 in the School)....	Mr. Markell.
<i>Timmy Tims</i> (a baker's man)	Mr. W. Artur.
<i>Jane Brown</i> (Niece to Brown, loving and loveable)	Miss Masell.
<i>Madame Lemuel</i> (a Piedmontese).....	Miss Morelli.
<i>The School</i> - Tommy, Dick, Boker, Dolphin, Smith, Siggers, &c. &c.	
<i>Visitors</i> - Misses Seaton, Nelson, Elice, Withers, Bell, &c.	

COSTUMES.

- Mr. Brown*—Old fashioned brown coat, ditto light-blue waistcoat, drab small clothes, long grey gaiters, colored neck-tie, spectacles.
- Paul*—First Dress—Drab cloth shooting coat, red waistcoat, blue striped shirt, brown cloth small clothes long leather gaiters. Second Dress—Light colored chamois dress, mod.
- Timmy*—White jacket, padded waistcoat, white trousers, and white paper cap.
- Downy Billy*—Short red flannel shirt, with a badge on each breast of pasteboard, blue ground and white letters, the one on the right breast inscribed "Ragged School Society, Shoe-black" the one on the left breast a capital letter or figure, black linen apron, small plaid trousers, shoes, black cloth cap.
- Sully Sam*, and the boys of the Ragged School, same dress, vary the trousers to fustian or cord.
- Jane Brown*—Modern plain light colored cotton dress, small pink handkerchief, black velvet bracelets, drab boots, patent leather fronts.
- Madame Lemuel*—Shot-silk dress, handsome shawl, lace bonnet, or handsome carriage dress.

First performed at Punch's Playhouse and Strand Theatre,
March 16, 1852. Time of representation, 40 minutes.



The Ragged School.

TIMS. I Fled with him my Lady, my names

Thomas Tims, Fanny Baker, &c.

THE RAGGED SCHOOL.

SCENE,—A mean apartment, C. doors, with steps, staircase, bunisters, &c.—window in flat, through which the opposite house is seen—door R. H.—a long shelf on a. H. flat, on which basons, spoons, &c., are placed—a large deal table R. H., over which are pegs for the boys caps, on which they hang—a quantity of slates are hung L. E.—mattresses ranged against the wall—brooms, brushes, sacks, hurdy gurdy cage of white mice is standing on a stool i. H. with Paul's hat on, with his puppets near them. Rugged scholars asleep. Daybreak. As the curtain rises, the clock strikes six. Music Rain is heard. Deony Bill rises from mattress R. H., yawning violently.

Bill. The gash is hextinguished in the street, its time for us chaps to shake our feathers. (yawns.) What a hawful night I've passed—one blanket and a flea! I've been dreaming that I was changed into a coffee mill, and the policeman was grinding me to death? (rises.) Couldn't sleep a blessed wink. Our boys are all snng enough—(putting on his red shirt and black apron and crossing to L. H., peeps in at door)—and so's little Paul—he's so innocent. Now, lads, the sun's up, and the lamps is out—rains like vinking! Vo'nt it be a plummy day for the blacking trade! (calls.) Come, get up! (The boys turn on their mattresses lazily, yawning.) Oh! I'll soon stir you. (bawling.) Coffee! Cocoa! (they all start up quick, and commence clearing away their bedding, which they pack up neatly against L. C. flat.)—Ah! ah! they're always ready for their cocoa! Now then, get your bra-hes ready, a clean shoe, and a good polish—all for a penny! There's nothing like our 'cademy for polishing up understandings. Nothing like a Ragged Scho-ll!

Boys. I believe yer—nuffen!

Bill. 'Specially for us unfortunate infants what never

had any mothers, or friends, to larn us nothing—but mischief, and that we took to naturally, worse luck—until the ale arnest charitable folks set up Ragged Schools, picked us out of the streets, and clapped knowledge into our nodules, and brushes into our daddies—telling us to go to work ke bricks

Boys. Ah! and don't we too.

Bill. Rather—a eettle! as we scrape off the dirt—we scrape up hinformation—we knows human natur by his boots! There's many a tip-top swell with a hole in his sole—likewise them with poor clothes has often good understandings. Leather's everything—always stick to leather, boys! And now then, all on you get your slates, and let's work at our figures. (*they do so, forming in a line across the stage.*) Now then, how many's 7 and 5?

(*The boys chalk on their slates, counting their fingers, &c. giving various answers, &c.*)

Dick. Two ty nine!

Sammy. (*counting his fingers*) Twelve!

Bill. Twelve it is—and 9?

Dick. Seventy four!

Bill. Pickles! how can that be? here's 12 of 'em, and 9 of 'em writing on slate, and counting strokes, 21—now what do you make of 21 pence—how much you, Sulky!

Sammy. One and ninepence.

Bill. Let's see—how do I put down that? Oh! I know, —I puts down one, and carries the ninepence, there, that'll do this morning—look out to-morrow, or your cocoa will be cut off.

Paul. (*voice heard at L. H. door.*) Mother, dear, I want you!

Dick. Oh, crikey! he wants his mamma!

Bill. Werry natural if he does, you never had none to want, you was brought up by hand—(*Sammy laughs—what are you laughing it, there's nuffin to brag on in your domestic 'conemy, for your mother was a one legged Greenwich pensioner.* (*all laugh, goes to door L. H.*) Get up, little Paul—its time to tune your music.

Music. *Paul enters slowly from L. H. dressed as a S. voyard.*

Paul. I was dreaming of my home, far away—(*looks round,*) It was too much happiness even to dream about—my home is here now. (*shudders, and sits on stool L. H.*)

Bill. And a prime 'un it is—weather tight, and taxes paid—no cutting off the water or stopping the gash in this

Paul. Yes—all my good friends.

Bill. 'Cos they're obliged to be—let me catch any of 'em touching your mice, that's all—it would soon be one for his nob, and two for his heels. (*squares.*)

Paul. Always taking my part.

Bill. Well, it's no more than my dooty—the strong'uns should pectect the weak'uns—lea-stways, that's what we learn here: besides, you're such a precious innocent in the dodges in the streets—thems the places to sharpen your wits, and sweep the dust out of your eyes!

Paul. I can never repay you.

Bill. Don't want none—you're welcome, only earn the browns, I'm contented. Money's the ticket to clear everybody's gate.

Enter Mr. Brown, C. F.

Brown. Come, my lads, look alive, get ready before breakfast,—it'll be a rare day for us.

1st Boy. Where's my shiner!

2nd Boy. Somebody's got my scraper, it's a shame.

Sammy. There's no soft brush in my lot.

Paul. My mice are hfd away.

Bill. Come—no larks with the hinterestig quadruples. Who's got the mice?

1st Boy. Oh, I know about them there mice—Sulky Jones has been and gone and put one in his blacking bottle.

Bill. Very good, Mr. Sulky—we'll settle this by and by.

(*Jones and Bill begin to square at one another.*)

Brown. No quarrelling, boys, it's against the rules—love each other as brothers.

Bill. But don't give away your linen.

(*Boys begin to get the table ready for breakfast.*)

Brown. (*crossing to Paul.*) Paul, how is it you brought so little home yesterday.

Paul. I—I gave some of my halfpence to a poor woman that was crying for bread, if you please, sir.

Brown. (*pats his head*) I do please—always do it, good boy.

Bill. He's a hangel—if ever there was an hangel in a Ragged School—he's a Ragged Hangel!

Sammy. Oh yes, because he's a furunner, he's better than the rest of us I suppose,—with his fine delicate hands and face, white as a sheet of paper,—why don't he work like us? Always getting the best bed, and largest share of breakfast.

Brown. No grumbling! you should pity the poor lad without friends or a country.

Bill A hingered orphan! Tell 'em how you picked him up, and silence their ugly mouths. Do it guv'nor? (*slaps his back.*)

Jane. (*without*) Breakfast! Cocoa!

(*Boys all run to table.*)

Bill. How eager they are after cocoa!

Enter Jane carrying a large can of coffee, Tims following, carrying a basket of bread.

Brown Your basons—quick! (*boys give them.*)

Bill. Who's swallowed my silver ladle?

Jane. Good morning, uncle,—how's my little favourite this morning? (*to Paul.*)

Paul. Well, I thank you, Miss Jane. (*sits on a stool alone. The boys are served with breakfast, Tims serving out bread.*)

Bill (*taking a big loaf out of basket.*) Stop! the biggest loaf for the little 'un. (*gives it to Paul.*) What you can't eat put in your pocket. (*takes his bason, stirs it round with spoon.*) Hollo! my cocoa seems thick this morning—(*takes out a child's shoe.*) Hollo! Jane—have you been boiling a baby in the cocoa—(*all laugh*)—I like leather well enough, but not in my cocoa. I say, Jane, don't give me all the delicacies next time—divide 'em. Tims, how are you, Tims—is there anything I can do for you, Tims, this fine morning?

Tims. You did quite enough yesterday, knocked me down and kicked the basket over by mistake, and—again—that's all.

Bill. With pleasure! Next time I'll break that Plaster of Paris head of yours. (*they square.*)

Brown. Come—no disputing—Tims is a very good lad.

Bill. And very soft.

Jane. I'll answer for that.

Tims. Jane, don't harrish my feelings!

Jane. Don't you be foolish.

Bill. Can't help it—he was vaccinated with it!

Tims. What do you mean by that?

Bill. Nuffin! you'll understand that. (*all laugh.*)

Tims. I won't be laughed at by you chaps, master shall serve you himself. I'd sooner list for a soldier than submit to have my sensibilities strangulated, and to be held up as an obelisk of scorn, by one whose shadow and shoestrings I worship—its too much—a deal too much for any thing—but a alligator to swallow.

[*Exit E. F. crying.*]

Bill. Here, take your shop with you. (*He throws the basket down stairs after him. A noise heard of falling down stairs. All laugh.*)

Bill. All the effect of love, going the wrong way.

Brown. Time's up boys!

(*They eat fast and rise, boys clear all away.*)

Jane. (R.) You have scarcely touched yours Paul.

Paul. (L.) I have little appetite.

Jane. Are you unhappy?

Paul. Can I be otherwise—far from my dear country. (*sighs*)

Bill. One blessed thing, all countries are the same to me. I'm never out of town—and for home, I never had one

Jane. (to Paul,) My uncle is a friend, and I endeavour to be one.

Brown. Come, come—shake off this melancholy lad—and set about earning money sufficient to return to Savoy.

Paul. Oh! yes, yes; I will work day and night for that, (*rises, and goes up R. H.*)

Jane. It was a great cruelty to steal the poor child from his native country: why do they kidnap these Italian boys, uncle, and bring them to England?

Brown. It's a speculation in roguery, my dear, by a set of designing wretches, who have established themselves in London and Paris—white slave owners—by whom beggary is systematized! Decoyed by false promises, these poor lads are enticed from their homes and friends to become beggars and outcasts—supplying with their miserable earnings, the grasping covetousness of unprincipled task masters. (*crossing to R.*)

Bill. No one took the trouble to steal me—I wasn't worth it! (*clock strikes seven.*) Fall in—shoulder your brooms, and make ready—present your brushes—(*looks at bottle.*) Ginger, you've been mixing mud with your blacking, fined a penny—No. 6, your brushes won't do, they'll have to go into the country for change of hair. (*To another boy.*) What do you do with your brushes—here's all the edges worn away? I think you must clean your teeth with them: don't let me catch you at it, or you'll have to brush. No. 74, I've got something to say to you: don't eat so much stale pastry if you was to eat it for six months, it would never draw the inflammation out of your vegetable head. Shoulder brooms—march! (*all run off laughing—Bill kicks the last one off.*) Master, I've got something

buttoned up under my waistcoat that I can't get rid of!

Brown. What is it?

Bill. I can't tell, it keeps me awake all night—takes away my appetite and spirits. I feel to want a—a something besides myself.

Brown. (laughs) You're never in love, Bill?

Bill. I feel stupid enough! Yes, I s'pose I am in love with Jane, but I don't like to tell her. Many a time I've tried to write my mind to her, but always stuck at L—O—V—E!

Brown. Jane, dear, here's our friend, William, in love.

Jane. La! with whom?

Bill. You, miss, if you please.

Jane. But I don't please, sir,—I wonder at your impertinence. (crossing to him.)

Bill. Well, I wonder at myself—but I've done it.

Jane. A miserable object like you to presume to look up to me, indeed! (crossing back to L. H.)

Bill. She calls me a miserable object—I can't bear it. Good bye, master! (Gives bottle.) Keep this for my sake, you'll read a coroner's inquest in to-morrow's "Tizer."—If you want to find me—middle arch, Waterloo Bridge. (rushes out R. F.)

Brown. (laughing) Come back, boy,—don't make an ass of yourself. [Exit after him.]

Bill. (without) I shan't—the tide's up—and I can't swim.

Paul. (coming down R. H.) You have hurt his feelings,

Jane. (L.) Serves him right—love me, indeed!

Paul. Every one does.

Jane. I don't want every one; there is but one—who is it, guess?

Paul. I can't guess.

Jane. Can you see?

Paul. My eyes are open.

Jane. (takes his hand) Why do you tremble—sit by me. (they sit.) Speak?

Paul. (R.) I've nothing to say.

Jane. (L.) How strange! I suppose—now mind, I only say suppose—a young girl admired you, what would you do?

Paul. Nothing.

Jane. Insensible creature—I like you very much!

Paul. Thank you, Miss Jane.

Jane. What is it you like more than any thing.

Paul. My white mice.

Jane. Paul, I hate you! (turns from him.)

Paul. Hate me!

Jane. Am I nobody! why can't you speak out? If I loved you, what would you say?

Paul. Nothing.

Jane. It's all nothing. Do you know what love is,

Paul. Is it anything to eat?

Jane. Eat! it's all rapture, excitement, devotion; and what you read about in books—in feelings of fire!

Paul. Fire! Ah! fire—that begins and ends in smoke.

Jane. You are unlike every one else. I am universally admired—run after!

Paul. So are my puppets. (opens box.) They are great favorites with the public. This is my principal dancer,—morbien! her legs are damaged. This gentleman, with a wooden head, is my great tragedian. Ma foi! he has many living brethren to countenance him.

Jane. He won't notice me—Paul, I'm very bad.

Paul. You must grow better, Miss Jane.

Jane. Ungrateful!

Paul. No, no—(runs to her) not ungrateful; I am ready to do anything you wish.

Jane. Listen to me.

Paul. If it pleases you. (to puppets.) The comedy must wait. I'll put the grand duke to sleep. (puts the puppets in box.)

Jane (simpling) I wish—

Paul. So do I.

Jane. To what?

Paul. To go to my puppets. (goes up R. H.)

Jane. You leave me—(Bill re-appears, C. P.) why is it, am I so disagreeable, marble youth?

Bill. Marble youth, she means me—the image of Despair.

Jane. Why not cast himself on his knees, invoking the blue firmament, and the trembling stars. I should consent, and answer "Yes."

Bill. (rushing down C.) I do declare myself by the trembling stars and the blue firmament. (kneeling.)

Jane. Ah! have you returned from—

Bill. Waterloo Bridge! I've been looking at the water, couldn't do it; besides, I luckily met with a chap that's going to get me into the Fine Arts, at the National Academy, where they hangs and hides the pictures.

Jane. Turning house painter, eh?

Bill. Something bigger, miss, I'm to be a model for them to paint from—a living study. Five bob a day for heroics and historicals—three bob and a joey for miserable objects and dead uns—but they won't give me more than two bob a day for dead uns, cos I'm so restless. I must let my hair grow like one of the old coves of the middle ages. What spree—who'll cut it! Here's a fellow they call "Cossinwading Brixton with his Rummons," (*stands in attitude we've been rum 'uns ever since.* But I'll tell the coves what I likes best, that is—A Dying Alligator. (*Music, he takes the attitude of the Dying Gladiator*) A three touch—only a dead un: my friend tells me Hero's Humbugs always pays best now a days. If the hartsd friz. I'll try the locomotive line, and sell lucifers a pe a box. That wager trick betwixt Lord Fitzmuddle another extinguished nobleman warnt a very bad go, se a thousand golden sovereigns, and a thousand gold wedding rings, in a thousand minutes, to a thousand different yers, in a thousand different places. Here—here! only a penny—going! going! the last two and twenty!—going! going!

June. You've tried many trades—I fear you are fond of scheming.

Bill. Who aint! Shipwrecked sailors, in a country town, are the cheese,—'specially when they never see a ship. (*imitates.*) Poor Jack, yer honor! waterlogged on a lee shore, wounded on board of H.M.S. "Antipophigo," fighting yard arm and yard arm with the mounseers,—every soul on board was killed but I and the he billy goat—my skull was split right through with a cutlass, and poor Billy pinned to the mast with a boarding pike. Just as they was going to heave us overboard I moved my fin—they clapped us into bilboes at Brest—one day I cut and run, swam ten miles and a half to a fishing smack with poor Billy on my back, with a 30 gun battery playing with our precious heads,—the balls carried away my larboard pin, and Billy's whiskers. Copper for poor Jack, yer honor! (*they laugh.*)

Paul. (*coming down with his puppets*) You are a comedy—more so than my tragedian, the Grand Turk.

Bill. What's a Grand Turk—why don't you try the monkey rig? monkees is fashionable—'specially when they happen to walk on two legs. I'll show you how, if you'll play the music. (*Music.*)

Paul plays his hardy gurdy—Bill imitates a monkey, acting with a cap, and squeaking to symphony

Paul—SONG.

(The Music may be had of Duncombe.)

From Berne I bring the news,
Will tickle the heart, ma foi!
With my la, ta, la! I the world command,
La file, with ha, ha, ha!

(Dances the puppets, monkey going round with cap.)

So we dance, and sing, and laugh,
Vive la beauty we quaff—
Et la fortune de l'guerre!
And a tin, tin, tin, and a tan, tan, tan,
And a tin, tin, tin, and a tan, tan, tan.

(Dances monkey with cap.)

My grand Turk, so debonaire,
Vid grace extraordinaire,—
With fine steps, just come from France,
All the world must now entrance.
(Monkey going round with cap.)

Then, ma foi! my monkey's grace,
In your heart will win a place,—
He is so gay, so very good,
When his tricks are understood.
With a tin, tin, tin, &c.

(Dances monkey, going round, jumping on table.)

Jane. Beautiful!

Bill. You'll get as rich as a Californian gold director—retire from business—take a willa—and smoke havannahs.

Paul. *(sighs, takes up the box of puppets.)* I must show my pettles to the good ladies, adieu. Morbleu! my grand Turk is impatient to display his fine talents, and the premier danseuse eager for applause. Adieu, adieu!*(Exits dancing and singing, "With a tin, tin, tin," &c. C. F.)*

Jane. Why do I admire the neglectful creature.

Bill. Count me one—if you wont have me! I'll list for a sizer, and get shot through the witals.

Jane. No more nonsense, if you please, sir,—leave me!
(turn away.)

Bill. "For ever—and if for ever, fare thee well!" When you see me sitting on top of a tombstone, nining and...

with melancholy, then that hard heart of yours will soften when I'm gone—wiped off the slate of life—you'll want me rubbed on again; but it'll be too late. I've no relish for business—brooms and brushes can't stir my spirits up: a wet day now damps my feelings, and muddy boots offer no pleasure,—my heart's like a paving stone, and you're a breaking it up.

[*Exits slowly C. F. weeping, with ragged handkerchief.*]

Jane. Never was a poor girl so teased and plagued—treated by indifference by the only person I really esteem—absolutely neglected all my attentions disregarded—its enough to provoke any girl!

Re-enter Mr. Brown, C. F.

Brown. Muttering to yourself, child—what is the subject.

Jane. Annoyance.

Brown. Pray keep it to yourself then, I've sufficient of my own. I suspect you are more than inclined to treat Master Paul as a lover than a brother,—be careful, he is very young.

Jane. You know his age then?

Brown. I ought to. It is now ten years since he was entrusted to my care by an itinerant Italian organ player. He was attacked by sudden illness in the village I came from and died, leaving this poor lad totally friendless, then a mere child. Previous to his death, the man stated, that Paul had been mysteriously left in his cottage in Savoy, an infant, with this slip of paper attached to his clothes. (*shows paper.*) "On the 12th of March, each year, you will receive the sum of 12 louis for the child's maintenance. Be careful and watchful!"

Jane. La. bless me! perhaps he's some grand nobleman in disguise, and has plenty of money. Dear Paul! I love him better than ever.

Brown. For several years the money was punctually paid. When it ceased, his protector commenced a life of vagrancy, came to England, and thus the boy fell into my hands.

Jane. What cruel parents to abandon such a child.

Brown. I should like to discover them!

Jane. So should I, uncle. Who knows—he then perhaps might marry and settle. I know of an excellent match for him, every thing he could possibly desire in a wife.

Brown. A wife! Ha! ha! ha! That's his business, not mine.

Jane. But, uncle!—

Brown. He'd never suit you.

Jane. I'm not particular.

Brown. Ha, ha, ha! but he is! Depend on this, the lad has no idea of a wife—not of you Jane!

Tims. (without c.) Mr. Brown! Mr. Brown! where are you?

Brown. Here! here! where are you man?

Tims rushes in c. and falls—he has a bundle in his hand.

Tims. I'm in a hurry—Master Paul—

Jane. What of him—speak!

Paul. (returning c. hastily) He'll speak for himself if you please, Miss Jane. I had just commenced my comedy, the grand Turk had made his bow, and the dancer turned a pirouette, before an admiring crowd in St. James's Square, when—

Brown. When a policeman disturbed you?

Paul. No! a fine carriage drove up.

Tims. Nearly driving over me.

Paul. A sweet, kind lady, looked out—beckoned me towards her: she took my hand, and told me my features reminded her of a long lost child.

Jane. Well, I'm sure!

Paul. I was afraid! She asked me if I was happy, and if I should like to change my way of life.

Brown. You answered—

Paul. No! I loved you and my puppets too much to desert them. She pressed me to go home with her, and appeared greatly agitated, making a thousand inquiries—my name, country, age. A crowd collected—I became alarmed, tried to escape—Time passed by, and I rushed into his arms!

Tims. Home I carried him and the grand Turk like a batch of bread, followed by a tall footman, but he couldn't catch us—could he?

Brown. Very singular this! was it an elderly lady?

Tims. Under or over forty.

Brown. Did she seem struck by you?

Tims. All of a heap!

Paul. Yes—and spoke of her lost one, her Adele.

Jane. Well, to be sure—suppose it should be his mother—and Miss Adele, his sister.

Paul. Mother! my mother! Oh, what happiness—let me fly to seek her again. (rushes up c.)

Brown. Stop—stop! my dear boy, this is mere supposition! we have no proof—no clue!

Jane. Oh, you odious Tims! He's spoilt every thing by carrying you off.

Tims. How could I tell, Miss Jane, I never knew he had a mother.

Brown. Remain here, I'll go into the square and inquire of the policeman, he may know the carriage. Don't quit the house. [Exit C.]

Jane. I'll take care of that, uncle. *(crossing to Tims, who is R. H.)* You can go, Tims—you are not wanted, Tims.

Tims. I've brought you a little present, Miss Jane.

Jane. What, pray?

Tims. *(gives her a small loaf)* Part of my savings—a dead man—and this parcel.

Jane. *(throwing them away.)* Stuff!

Tims. *(sighing)* She calls my bread stuff! Ah she's too crusty ever to lean on my staff of life! *(sighs, and exits slowly, C.)*

Jane. *(watching him, laughs, and runs to Paul.)* Now, then, we are alone—quick! tell me who you think you are!

Paul. Nobody!

Jane. Nonsense! It's my firm belief you are the Emperor of Newfoundland—or king of that place where the savoy cabbages comes from! And now let us look at that silly goose, Tims's present. *(opens parcel.)* What's here?—a gown, shawl, and cap! Idiot!

Paul. Don't you value them?

Jane. Not I! you may have them.

Paul. And wear them?

Jane. That would be capital fun! you'd make a nice little girl!

Paul. I'll try.

Jane. Go along silly, let us talk of your parents and of—

Paul. This pretty cap and ribbons. I will wear them. *(going L. H.)*

Jane. Stay—stay—dear!

Paul. No, no—I will try.

(They struggle to the door, L. H., he suddenly breaks from her, and runs off laughing, L. H. door.)

Jane. *(calling after him)* Paul! Paul! dear Paul! come back! He only does this to escape. The tyrant! I'm sure he's somebody. His white hands, and delicate features, bespeak a high sphere! Oh! if I were elevated up to that sphere, who knows, *(struts, crossing)* "Lady Jane," dear

me, wouldn't our shop girls be astonished, and boil over with envy. (*st. utting across to window N. H.*)

Tina. (*peeping in c.*) I wonder if my present has produced any effect. *F. nery's* generally a good bait to catch a female fancy. (*coming forward.*) There she stand, like the figure of the Greek slave, all robed in native virtue—she has destroyed my happiness

Billy sings without, "*Love launched a Fairy Boat.*" That low fellow coming up: if I'm seen he'd make game of me. Oh, love—it scorches me up like a batch of burnt bread! (*Hides carefully behind some coal sacks, which are placed in the corner, N. H. flat.*) These bags will stifle me—but I'd willingly rush into a hot oven to escape him and his'n.

Jane. (*who had gone to C. D. on hearing Billy sing comes forward*) I really think I have hit upon a method to rouse his jealousy. I'll pretend to admire another—fall desperately in love with—

Billy re-enters *C.*, singing "*Rule Britannia,*" shouldering his broom, and followed by all the Ragged Scholars, *C.*)

Bill Attention! Shoulder arms—ey-s front—make ready—present—fire! (*goes through the evolutions.*)

Jane. Whatever are you doing?

Bill. Learning the soldiering business! The British Lion's shaking his mane, and getting his bristles up for a row. I'm going into the birch broom brigade, to defend the parish pump. Quick march—fire!

Jane. What are you doing?

Bill. Ask the newspapers! "England expects every man to do his duty!" And wont we do it neither eh, boys!

Boys. I believe you.

Jane. Be careful of yourself, sweet William,—if you were killed—

Bill. You'd be precious glad of it.

Jane. Not so. I've changed my mind.

Bill. Well, women are like weathercocks—always a changing.

Jane. Perhaps I might be induced to think better of you—in time.

Bill. You can't think much worse, miss.

Jane. Pardon me for the past.

Bill. Eh? what's o'clock now?

Jane. You talked of marrying!

Bill. It was all talk, I have changed my mind now.

Jane. Unrelenting monster!

Bill. I thought it was only married men they made monsters of?

Jane. If I—I—could persuade myself to—to—you understand?

Bill. No! nor don't want, Miss Jane. I'm going to give myself up to my country, and be covered all over with glory and pipeclay, for ninepence a day and my wittals—so you may go and marry little Paul.

Jane. Never!

Paul enters from L. H. door dressed as a girl. Mr. Brown enters from C. same side.

Paul. You never will, Miss Jane!

All. A girl!

Tims. (peeping from the sacks) In my clothes!

Bill. The boy's a girl! Here's a go! Well, if they changes 'em in the Ragged Schools, I wonder when my turn will come! A girl!

Brown. (L. H.) Yes, a girl! Up to this time it was my wish that she wore the dress of a boy, in order to protect her from the snares that poverty and indigence spreads round the weakness of her sex.

Jane. (R. H.) The forward bold minx—deceive me too.

Paul. (laughing) Can't you love me still, Miss Jane?

Bill. (coming down C.) I can, Master—Miss Paul—I—

Paul. I shall continue to love you all—as friends, as brothers!

(Noise of carriage heard C. All run up.)

Jane. A carriage stopping at our door. A lady and footman. They are coming up stairs.

Bill. (running to C. door) This way—wake up—and mind the twist in the stairs!

Two Footmen enter C. and Madame Lemuel.

Mad. L. (C. to Brown.) Have you a little Savoyard boy, sir, in your school?

Bill. (R. C.) The boy's a girl if you please, mum!

Mad. L. Tell me, I intreat, how—when—did you receive this child?

Brown. (R. H.) Ten years since, madam, from an Italian peasant: dying in this country, he left her in my charge.

Mad. L. Did he say what country he brought her from?

Brown. Savoy, madame; she was left in his cottage, and this paper—*(handing it to her.)*

Mad. L. (reads it with emotion) My child! my own—long lost child! My Adele! found—found! (*Paul rushes to her arms.*)

Paul. Mother! Joy! joy! you my mother?

Bill. (*crossing to R. H. corner, wiping his eyes*) Here's a 'fecting wind up. Why don't my mother come and claim her lost Billy?

Mad. L. Are you then restored to me, darling—oh! what happiness! Riches, name, station in society, all are yours. A secret marriage compelled me to resort to the cruel necessity of abandoning you, my treasure, for a time,—every search had been made hopelessly,—to continue it brought me to England,—almost despairing I had given up the task, when you suddenly appeared with your puppets in the square,—overpowered by emotion, I wished to detain you, but you fled from me.

Tims. (*appears covered with soot, coming down C.*) I fled with him, my lady,—my name's Thomas Tims, fancy baker, &c. Dinners and bakings carefully attended to. (*All laugh—Bill throws him into R. H. corner.*)

Mad. L. Let us go, my dear one—to your home—your mother's home! (*To Brown*) Money can scarce discharge the debt of gratitude due to your goodness.

Brown. I merely did my duty, madam.

Paul. (*taking his hand*) More—more—my friend—my father! Who taught me to do right, to love virtue, abhor vice? who denied himself many comforts to give me learning? watching over—protecting me! we will never part—my home is yours! Mother, shall it be so?

Mad. L. Willingly, love; you shall provide for all your friends.

Bill. Huzza! I shant list now: and, if Miss Jane wont change her mind again, why—(*takes her hand.*)

Paul. They have all been brothers to me in adversity, let them be sharers in prosperity.

Bill. Huzza! boys—we'll all emigrate—settle down as settlers—earn our livings like good 'uns—do credit to Old England and the Ragged Schools. Hurrah! we'll have a day of it!

Paul. Stay—stay! we must first ask permission here. These are the real patrons of our Ragged Schools—their cheering smiles will teach us.

Bill. Attention—eyes right—present brushes! (*Boys do so, forming a line. To audience*) Please, you know me, and I hopes you'll pardon a poor chap, if I'm a bit too bold.

Ragged Rascals; and, if you'll patronize us, its all right—we'll go to work like bricks to amuse you—especially I and little Paul!

Tableaux.

Curtain descends to quick monkey music.

**DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE
FALL OF THE CURTAIN.**

Boys.

Boys.

Boys.

Footman.

Footman.

Times. Jane. Billy. Mad. L. Paul. Brown. Sulky Sam.